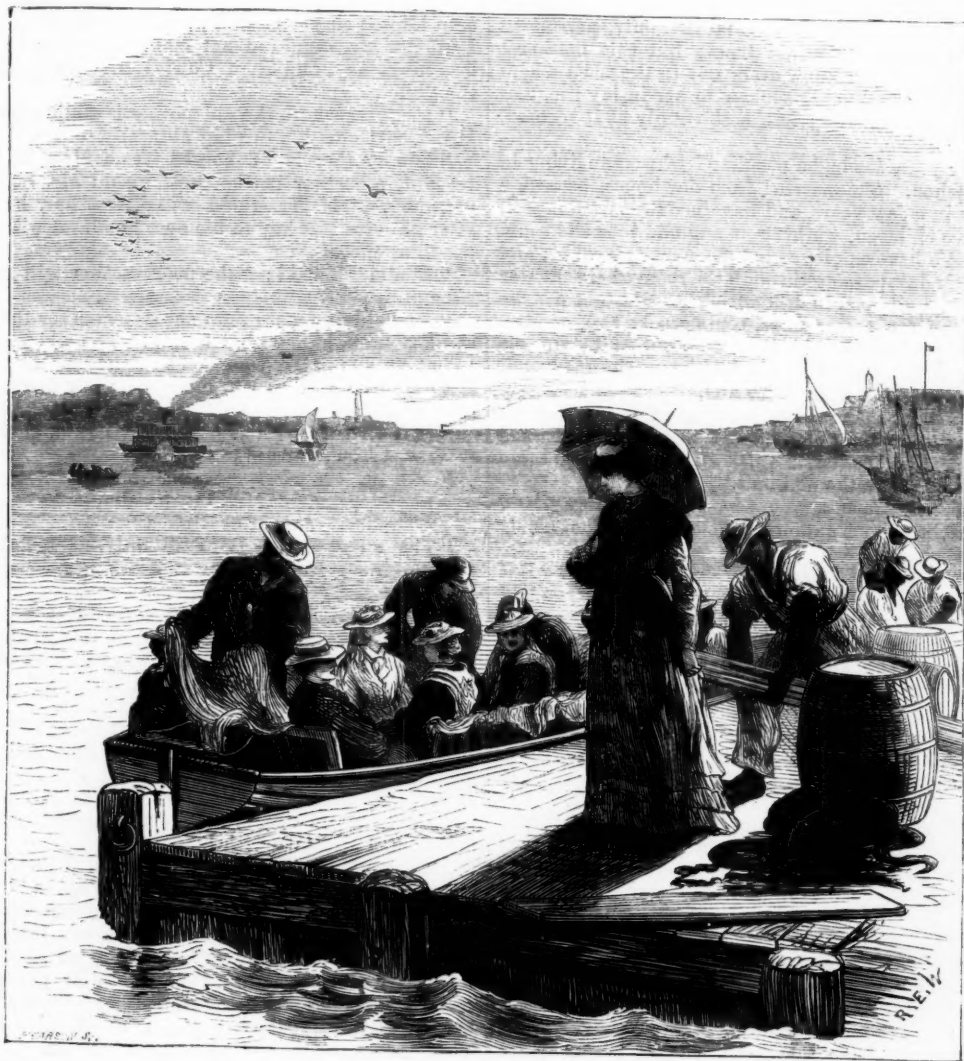


THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



OUT FOR A BOAT-RIDE.

STEPHEN MITCHEL:

A FLORIDA STORY.

CHAPTER XI.

TWO letters have come to-day—one from Mr. Bond, and one from Miss Ripley, who thus wrote: "John Cowles has not left the town, that is certain. I have such a horror of him, that there seems to me something almost supernatural about it. Every

day I am drawn to the window, to see him pass; he is as regular as a clock. I know that precisely at that moment there he will be, going to the store. Every day since Steve left he has gone by. 'He might have gone to Taunton in the night,' uncle suggested. But, no, the distance is too great for driving, and the trains would not accommodate him; somebody else has done the business for him. So, yesterday, I went myself to Taunton. This is, as you know, a large factory town. There was just a possibility that the post-

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

master might remember the letter, and who took it. I failed. The office is large, and the man seldom looked at the post-mark of a letter; besides, there were many business documents from Chicago every day. Never, for a moment, have I felt it necessary to suspect, therefore to inquire about, the movements of any person in town but John Cowles; so, as he has no relatives—I had written friends, and that would have been literally true—but his mother, you will see that my search is very limited. It followed, then, that if John had not been away, his mother might have. I think she is the only person in Grafton whom he would trust; but this mother I knew only as you know every one in the town where you live. I had never spoken to her in my life, and was at my wits' end; but, accidentally as it seemed, I found a clue.

"For years we had a peculiar Irishwoman living in our kitchen. She married from our house, became a widow in a few years, and has since supported herself and two children, working at any odd jobs she could find. We have employed her whenever we could; and the other day, passing through the room where she was at work, I stopped to talk with her. She told me she had been for a few days, some weeks ago, at Mrs. Cowles's, while the old lady went out of town. To my eager inquiry where she had been, she answered, with a smile and a knowing nod,

"'Indade, ma'am, and the likes of it was a grate mystery to me; for she niver spake a bit of a word upon it. No, ma'am, she jist wint intirely, and came back, and that's the end on't.'

"So Mrs. Cowles, you see, has been away, and she has been to Taunton; and she took the bonds from the post-office.

"'Not so fast,' I can hear Mr. Stanley say. But listen to the rest. Mrs. Cowles has a large red mark on her left cheek; no one could see it without remembering her. So I showed my earnestness to the Taunton postmaster by once more making my appearance at his office window, and demanding to know if he remembered to have seen such a woman. He answered at once that he did, and that he told his wife when he went home it was about as bad a brand as the savages put upon their prisoners of war. Then, all at once, he called out, 'And since you remind me of that, I recall I did hand to her the business-package from Chicago about which you were inquiring. I remember wondering where she came from, and why she was in our office. It's all clear now.'

"'It's all clear now,' I repeated, involuntarily, and ran out of the office to keep myself from shouting aloud for joy."

Mr. Bond wrote simply: "Ruth has written you in full; any comment from me is unnecessary. Will Mr. Stanley please telegraph what I am to do?" My husband telegraphed within five minutes, "Arrest John Cowles."

Late that night a boy from the telegraph-office knocked at our door. It is never too late or too early for those terrible little yellow missives to find immediate entrance, so in a moment Mr. Stanley was reading to me—"John Cowles has absconded!" "That settles it," he added. "If I did not think Stephen Mitchel was asleep to-night, and it did not seem such a pity to disturb him, we would go and tell him that his innocence is proved."

This from my usually cautious, discreet husband! Surely I had wronged him when in my heart I had

so often accused him of callous indifference. I was the one to say now, "Oh, Will! that would never do; he does sleep the sleep of the innocent every night, but a poor, cough-broken kind of a rest it has been to him. But I wish he knew!"

"Better let him alone," he said. "I wish I knew all the facts. I wonder how soon we shall hear from Mr. Bond? This is certainly a peculiar case."

"And if you had gone North to manage it you could not have done better, could you?" I asked.

"Probably not half as well; the fellow must have seen he was suspected and taken himself off in time. I wonder Mr. Bond did not manage better; he will lose his money, and John Cowles his best years in the State prison."

"I wonder where the old mother is all this time?" I said, my thoughts turning naturally to her.

"The mother is of course, from Miss Ripley's account, a partner in the guilt," said Mr. Stanley, promptly. "If Mr. Bond will arrest her, he will after all have the key in his own hand. I will telegraph at once."

"Don't!" I said; "the poor mother will suffer enough."

"Probably no more than she deserves for the way she has brought up that scamp. The old saying, 'That as you make your bed so must you lie in it,' is a very true one. I will telegraph; law and justice require it."

"It is all safe with Mr. Bond," I said, cheerily "What a kind, good man he is!"

Early on the next morning Mr. Stanley sent another telegram—"Mrs. Cowles should be arrested as accomplice. Ask Miss Ripley."

"That's right!" I said, exultantly, as I finished reading it. "Ruth Ripley is worth her weight in gold."

Let it not be for a moment supposed I was not fully conscious how great a part in this whole discovery Ruth had borne, but it always seemed to me most ungenerous to triumph, so I forbore. Ruth's exceeding great reward was awaiting her. "Now, I suppose, we may tell Steve—happy Steve?"

"You may tell Steve," said my husband, considerably; "and, Kate, please send this telegram as you go. There will be a letter from Mr. Bond, explaining matters soon. Tell Stephen Mitchel from me, then, I will talk with him."

This, I understood, was professional. I was ready enough to undertake the rest. What a lovely Florida morning it was as I slipped out into it! Never had the sky been bluer, the sun brighter; never had such an indescribable halo of loveliness rested over everything; even the stiff palmettos seemed to stand more upright, as if conscious of the weight of beauty they bore. I could have sung with the birds, I was so happy! Before I had reached the telegraph-office I saw Aunt Theresa, hobbling away, as fast as her rheumatic ankles would carry her, towards the doctor's house. I quickened my already quick steps; several times I was stopped by friends with the question, "What is the matter with you? Is Mr. Mitchel worse?" for I had come to be received as his particular friend everywhere.

The telegram sent, I followed after Aunt Theresa. She had left her message at the doctor's door and was on her way back. When she saw me she dropped her unfailing curtsy and her pleasant good morning; then, without waiting to be asked, said, "He's poorly, missis; he's had a bad night—dat bad that

I been for to call the doctor. Can't stan' this long; most done, poor lamb!"

"I have a medicine that will cure him, Aunt Theresa," I said, cheerfully, more relieved by finding that he was not seriously worse than I cared to express. "Come, make haste—or no, don't hurry, I shall be there very soon. Take your time. There is Aunt Judy, with her fresh fruit, bringing us her very best; we are going to keep high holiday to-day."

Aunt Theresa just stared at me, rolling her great eyes in a most ludicrous way, and pursing up her thick lips into what, upon a white mouth, would have been a most reproving expression. At which I only increased her perplexities by laughing gleefully and hurrying away.

Something in my step went into Steve's room before me, for when I opened his door he was sitting up on his sofa, and greeted me with, "You bring me good news. Have you had another letter from Ruth? Is she really coming?"

"I do bring you good news, indeed," I said, trying to quiet my voice so that it should not agitate him, "but not of Ruth's coming; something even better than that."

He made a slight deprecatory motion with his hand, then fell back upon the sofa as if he were exhausted, and I went on to tell him the whole story, so far as it had been kept from him. I began with John Cowles absconding, and did not conceal a single thing. Generally he heard me in entire silence, but once now and then he would utter some slight exclamation, and once he got up and began slowly to pace the room. It was when I was telling him about Ruth's second visit to Taunton. When I had finished—I can hardly believe now, as I record it, that I heard aright what he said, but I know I did—he said, "Poor Mrs. Cowles! I am so sorry for her; her life was bound up in John, and though a surly he was not a bad fellow. What could have tempted him? I did hope it would have proved to be somebody else!"

"But John's mother," I answered, "had her own hand in the matter. I should have pitied her more had she been honest." The knowledge of my last telegram I had wisely kept to myself, remembering how Mr. Stanley had said it was only with results that a sick person should be made acquainted. Then Steve fell suddenly and quietly asleep. It was so strange to see him, and showed me more than anything else could have done how weak he was. I sat by his side until Aunt Theresa came in, then stole silently away.

When I told Mr. Stanley all that happened I thought he was quite touched at the young man's disinterested pity for the poor old woman.

"Nine persons out of ten," he said, "with so much hanging upon it, would have, could have thought only of themselves. You are right, Kate, about the innate nobleness of this man's nature. I am so glad you have saved him!"

"I saved him!" I repeated, in unfeigned astonishment; "I have had just nothing to do with it, unless it is something to carry back and forth like a well-trained dog. You have done it all—that is," recollecting myself, "with Ruth Ripley's help. I can't have her left out of the list!"

"No," said my husband, with a little laugh which I did not profess to understand, "certainly not; but she has a reward, a personal interest, which all the others have not."

"If you mean me by all the others," I answered, quickly, "I, too, have the richest of rewards, and the deepest personal interest. I had set my heart on the thing—the innocence, I mean; and I could not bear to have been disappointed."

"I am glad you have not been," he answered, kindly. "I confess that at first I saw no hope."

"Now, *all* we have to do," I said, with a despairing accent on the word *all*, which I could not disguise, "is to pull back a person with both feet in his grave. One month more, and Steve would have been beyond our reach."

"Don't begin to croak," he answered, soberly; "if he dies, it will be a comfort to him to die without a brand on his name; but I thought you said this was sure to cure him."

"So I hope; only, may it not have come too late? He did look so like death when I left him."

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," quoted my husband, sententiously.

"But all medicines can't cure the dying," I returned, gloomily. For some strange reason the feeling that Steve was to die—to die in spite of this full acquittal—abided by me, and I could not throw it off.

"You are tired and nervous; better take a good sleep. Steve will not seem so sick to you when you wake up," answered Mr. Stanley, wisely; and he was right.

In five days, Mr. Bond's letter came with another from Ruth Ripley. Mr. Bond wrote that in spite of all his efforts to conceal his suspicions he supposes he must have shown them, for he often found John Cowles watching him furtively, and once, when he came back unexpectedly to his office, he found John there, looking over the papers on his desk. John had said readily that he had mislaid an account, and as he had it in his hand the last time he came into the office, he did not know but he had left it there. Strange to say, he did lift up some papers while Mr. Bond stood looking at him, and found it there.

He had seen Mr. Bond go to the telegraph-office, and when he returned John was gone. He must have left hastily and without premeditation, for everything was in order for the day's work, which had been begun. At first no notice was taken of his absence. It was nothing unusual for him to go out. Sometimes he went out for an hour, but not often, without informing Mr. Bond of his intention. This absence being unannounced might be accounted for, as Mr. Bond was himself away; at any rate, it was not until Mr. Stanley's telegram, requesting John Cowles's immediate arrest, had been received that any serious notice was taken of it.

Even then Mr. Bond had been slow to act. He was very unwilling to take so decided a step as the arrest; he confessed that he had hoped secretly things would happen as they had. It was, therefore, not until the next morning that, not finding John in his usual place, Mr. Bond sent to his mother's home to inquire where he was. The answer came back that he had been unexpectedly called out of town for a few days, but would be home soon. Of course, Mr. Bond had no longer any reason for doubting that John was the thief.

Miss Ripley's letter was what might have been expected from her after her previous ones, only there was a different tone running through it. Now she said nothing about coming to St. Augustine; she

could well afford to wait; indeed, it rather belonged to the must-be-wooded-to-be-won order—a change, considering Steve's very feeble state of health, which I did not think necessary, and which made me hesitate about showing Stephen the letter; but Mr. Stanley said "it was purely womanly, and it had his full approval." It seems to have had Steve's too. He asked me for it, and put it under his pillow, a thing I have never known him do before.

On the whole, Steve disappointed me in the way he behaved. Instead of at once brightening, and taking a new, firm hold upon life, as, of course, he should, he seemed for days to cough more, to grow weaker, paler, and less inclined to make any exertion; only one symptom gave me a ray of hope. I found him one day with the schedules of orange plantations spread out on the little table before him, and he said, in answer to my look of inquiry, "Yes, I have been wondering, if God did give me back my life, if anything could be made of all this. You see I have had such a blow; I must stagger under it for years, if I ever walk erect again; and this climate, this perpetual beautiful summer time, is the only place in all God's big world where I feel as if I could get well again. Do you suppose she would be willing to come, and would she be happy here? Just hear how promising it all sounds." Then he read me, in his feeble, quivering voice, some of the most enticing descriptions, saying with his rare smile, "This might almost have tempted angels out of Paradise, might it not?"

One day some young people called to invite him to join them in a party out to Anastasia Island. It was strange they should have done so, for he was generally considered a dying man, and it was stranger still that he should have accepted the invitation, which he did. To be sure, it was known that he often went with us on our boat excursions, and this party were of the class that mean to be kind and considerate to the feeble ones, of whom so many companies have one or two to care for. If I had looked at it aright, I should have seen it was a great effort Steve was making in order to open a way for Ruth Ripley to come into congenial society, should his hope of bringing her to Florida ever be realised; but this never occurred to me. I, only with great fear and trembling, made such arrangements as I thought would spare him fatigue, and spoke a word or two of caution to the friend under whose care he was particularly to be; but no person ever watched a boat leave the wharf with sadder presentiment of what it might bring when it returned than I did. The last look I had, however, of Steve was an encouraging one. He was both quiet and happy, refused the seat cushioned with shawls which had been prepared for him, and I even heard him laugh gaily as the boat danced away.

"He will recover," said my husband, when I told him what had happened.

CHAPTER XII.

THE night of the boat-ride seemed, as Mr. Stanley had predicted, to form an epoch in Steve's sickness. He came home from it with less appearance of fatigue than I have seen him show on a much less occasion, and had much to tell me of the pleasant things which had been said and done. I learned afterwards from some of the party, that, so far from being a burden to them, he had, by a quiet humour

of which I had seen but little, made himself the life of the boat.

"Never talk to me again," I said, when on the next morning he came down the stairs to meet me, "about being weak; why, you will live to be 'the oldest inhabitant,' and own half the orange plantations in Florida."

A gleeful laugh bubbled up, unconsciously even to himself, and there was such a lighting of that languid eye. "Oh, if Ruth Ripley could see him as I see him to day," I said to myself, "how glad I should be."

It was very provoking to me that with all the improvement which day after day became so apparent, Aunt Theresa should only shake her head and say, dolefully, "It's true missis, dat's wonderful; seems like a miracle, but den God's calls, you know, must be."

"Fortunately, Aunt Theresa"—I used to answer patiently, for the old negress was too kind and devoted to be found fault with—"we are all liable to be mistaken in thinking we hear God call when He does not. He is His own interpreter, you know; and He, and He only, can make it plain."

"Very well, missus," with a gentle waive of her hand, "I'se dat glad to have no heard him, but I tinks I does. To-day," with a sparkling of her dark eyes, "he asked me to go into the country with him, and live on an orange plantation. He thinks she's coming for sure now, and that's what helps him. Is she, missis?"

"I hope so, Theresa," I answered, "and his plan is admirable; nothing could be better. You must go with them to their new home, and take care of them. I want you to encourage him all you can in the plan. Don't you see how much good just the hope is doing him?"

"But God calls," repeated the old woman, sturdily, "he must go; dat's bad."

"Very bad, Aunt Theresa; never breathe a word of any such thing to him; encourage him all you can."

"Dat I shall, ma'am. Aunt Theresa hasn't been a nurse nigh forty year, not to know dat much."

Every day now Steve kept a running journal in a long letter which he sent often to Ruth. The correspondence which he had so peremptorily and decidedly dropped, had, of course, been resumed, and the long letters which he received were the reviving and restoring medicines of the day. Never did a mail fail to bring him one, and very often I had a little note enclosed, full of grateful, loving words.

"You have saved him," this enthusiastic girl wrote; "if two lives made happy through your means, two hearts to bless you and love you, are any reward, your cup is full."

Any reward! Why I feel blest and repaid beyond measure; it was simply delightful to watch Steve get well.

Each day, with a rapidity which astonished every one but myself, he made some new step upward; now it was a walk along the sea-wall from barrack to fort with only sitting down now and then for a short rest; and again, it was ploughing down through the deep sand to the banks of the San Sebastian river, where he sat upon the red bridge, and grew strong as he pulled in the fish.

Often he went out boating with no one but Par-cetti, who had grown very fond of him, and cared for him tenderly, as if he had been his brother. One day they spent the whole time upon

Anastasia Island, Steve taking a nap in the dry sand, under the shade of a mangolia-tree, and coming home free from cold, indeed coughing so much less than on any previous day, that he felt inclined to close in with Parcetti's proposition that he should hire a larger boat, and cruise down the coast until he reached a place where about twenty New England families were beginning a settlement. Parcetti's account of the people was most inviting. "He said," repeated Steve with a smile, "that they are real go-ahead Yankees, don't stand for anything, that this is only their second year there, and they have twenty new houses, a little white church with green blinds, a store, a post-office, a school-house, and a wharf. Last week he heard two schooners had sailed into this new port, from New York, laden with goods; so their commerce had actually commenced. He says, too, that the new town—New Britain, by the way, they call it—is built on a high, dry hummock, surrounded by pine-trees, and you have only to cut down a pine, and stick in an orange-tree, and you have your orange grove before you know it."

"It sounds like a fairy story," I said, kindling with interest, "and the long and short of it is, I suppose, that if you thought you were able, you would engage the little sloop, start to-morrow, choose your own spot on the hummock, cut down the pines, plant the oranges, build the pretty house with its French windows, its long verandah of trailing jasmine vines, and its ivy, then—why then, ask Mr. Stanley to bring me to spend the winter, and keep the house for you. Is that it?"

It made me so happy to hear his laugh. Of all laughs I ever heard, now he is getting well, I think his is the merriest and most enchanting.

"Yes," he said. "Only you should come as an honoured guest, not as housekeeper. Such a dainty room as Ruth would make for you. She is full of ornamental nick-nacks, and knows just where to use them."

"Oh! Ruth Ripley is to be there, is she? That is a part of the programme you were not so explicit about; but I shall be very willing to see the power in her hand. I once heard an English gentleman say there was no heaven on earth like that of being an honoured guest in a Boston family, provided they would let you pay your postage. So I have no doubt I should say of this same home on the Florida hummock; but about the sloop and the trip. Seriously the plan is excellent. Should you like company?"

"You don't mean that you will come?"

"I will, if Mr. Stanley consents, and I think he would like it. I have heard him talk of Cedar Keys and Key West, but this is nearer, and I don't see why it would not answer as well. We will take Aunt Theresa and run our sloop ashore when we want to sleep without rocking; in short, I grow enthusiastic, and will go home at once, and talk the plan over."

"And I will go with you and *tease*," Steve said, with a touch of boyishness that was creeping into his life.

Mr. Stanley was just in the mood. He had become a little tired of study and the uneventful life which he was leading, and ready for a change; so we made our plans for an immediate trip, if the physician thought Steve could bear it.

"I was about ordering him away," the sensible doctor said, "to camp out. His recovery so far is one of the most wonderful cures this Florida climate has ever wrought. I think a month among the pines,

with a life wholly out of doors, will complete the cure; the addition of the sea-air is just so much of solid gain, and the comforts he will be sure to have cap the climax." So it was settled.

Parcetti was trusted with all the arrangements needed for a thoroughly comfortable sail, and Steve was as happy as a boy, helping the sailor in his work. Aunt Theresa unwillingly consented to go with us. She had been cook once on board a steamboat, and understood the inconveniences better than the rest of us; and on the appointed day, the wind being precisely in our favour, and everything on board, we set sail, Steve, like a new Columbus, going to discover a new home.

PRACTICAL SOCIAL SCIENCE.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A.

IX.—CHARITY.

NO doubt there are people who think that science and charity cannot agree together. One seems to be hard and the other soft. One seems to encourage an attitude of incredulity, the other "believeth all things." One is dry, formulated, and precise, the other sentimental and impulsive. And yet I make bold to say that it would be difficult to find anything which needs the application of "Practical Social Science" more than "Charity." Each word of the title given to these little papers has a direct and important bearing upon it. Surely charity should be "practical." There are people who are really touched by the wants and sufferings of others, but who get no further, for it is their own serenity alone which is disturbed at the sight or recital of distress. They are more sensitive than sympathetic. Their hearts are soft rather than kind. If the sorrows which disturb them were not forced upon their notice they would be grateful. They "cannot bear to hear" of such and such misery. And when they do, they almost unconsciously consider that they have paid their tribute to the needs of humanity by the donation of a shudder or a sigh. It would be so very wrong, it would argue the possession of such an unfeeling heart, not to be moved at a harrowing tale, that they yield to the first motions of compassion; only the movement issues in no act. They have something to say, their pity finds utterance in words, but the deed is wanting. Of course people cannot be expected to put their hands into their pockets every time they read of misery, or sally forth on a mission of mercy whenever they hear that a needy sufferer is within reach. They must be allowed to choose where and how they shall give help or bestow alms. Those, however, whom I am thinking of do nothing but indulge in the sentiment of pity. They have an impression that the wants described so graphically will surely be somehow supplied. Unfortunately there are many others who have arrived at just the same point, and then stopped. There are so many claims upon their benevolence, that they escape the difficulty of decision by replying to none, or they think their contribution would be so small that it would hardly be worth making, and so they do not make any. Certainly the manifold and incessant appeals that are made to the public for the relief of distress are perplexing, and look hopelessly large to those who can give only a little. But any approach towards the exercise of

charity in any heart would most surely take a practical shape, and there is much to recommend it in the good old rule of laying by a certain portion of an income to be applied to charitable objects. This insures an escape from that mood of empty tenderness with which some people are content to exhibit their compassion, and if generally followed would provide a supply whence many of the most pressing material needs of humanity could be met. People, *e.g.*, who would think it far beyond their means and beyond what could properly be expected of them to make a donation of ten shillings, say, to a hospital, could help three deserving institutions to such an extent in the course of a year if they laid by a penny a day for charitable purposes. They would, moreover, be thus furnished with legitimate grounds on which to refuse assistance in other cases.

Again, if charity should be "practical," it should also be "social." Some people who give proof of their tenderness of heart by gifts which cost them self-denial, are apt to forget the claims and duties which lie at their feet. They will help a hospital or missionary society at some sacrifice to themselves, but be hasty and unkind to the sick and ignorant of their own family. Constant association with the ailing and unenlightened dulls our perception of their needs. We see the peevish and unlovely side of their characters. Familiarity breeds contempt for domestic demands upon our charity, and we omit the little exacting services of a household for the more vague, interesting, and picturesque calls from a distance. There is a very true sense in which charity begins at home. It should be radically "social" as well as "practical."

And it should be "scientific." Occasional revelations disclose the existence of a mischievous system of beggary, especially in London and other large cities. Not so very long ago the only science connected with the relief of distress was that exhibited by the beggars themselves. There was organisation among them, but it was for the abuse, not the use, of charity. There have been experts in begging who have studied every phase of human accessibility in their approach to the charitable. Sometimes this has taken the shape of sham rags and suffering. Babies hired for their wan look, artistic squalor, simulated sores or fits, especially when exhibited in rainy weather or an east wind, have been among the commonest instruments for the opening of the passing purse. Or the name of religion has been prostituted to touch the pious. The professional beggar will help himself anyhow, but he knows that sometimes nothing is more likely to help him than a profession of godliness. He takes that as one of the most safe modes of action, with especially the clerical mind, and he spreads their religious sympathies over as wide a field as he can. He attaches himself to the Anglican, the Roman Catholic, and the Nonconformist, and then, with infamous catholicity, seeks to rob, and often succeeds in robbing them all round. The records of imposition should teach us that there is a "science" of charity. The cunning of the beggar must be met with care and investigation. It would indeed argue ill for a man if he could never be "taken" in. And yet there are good people who hardly realise how much mischief they may do by heedlessly giving alms, and by an impulsive spirit of compassion. One ill effect of this is not merely to support impostors, but to tempt those who have never begged to decline from their independence. When

they see the success of imposition they are likely either to try their "prentice hand" at once, or to yield to the habit of improvidence, in the belief that if they should come to need there are charitable people who will relieve them. They think that if cheats succeed, surely genuine sufferers will meet with support. And thus they are not careful to belong to a benefit society, or in anywise lay by against the evil day. Generally, such become paupers. Every clergyman of a parish, every minister or person brought into close contact with the poor, knows very well how hopeless would be the attempt to help the improvident radically with alms; the more you give the more helpless they become. And it is with deep compassion that a growing number among the real friends of the poor perceive that such can have their improvidence checked mainly by a conviction that it must land them in the workhouse if persisted in. It is sad, but experience should lead us to the perception of the truth that to be really charitable we should look to the causes of misery, and not merely to the last result which it exhibits. When an epidemic comes we may be obliged to run about with physic and do the best we can for the present sufferers from the plague. But the man of science sees the roots and vehicles of contagion—the bad air, bad water, and bad drains which convey it. He studies the origin of the disease; he looks out for the arrival or importation of the malady, and as the killing of a single wasp in the spring anticipates the creation of a nest, so he pounces on a solitary case, say of cholera, as it reaches the shore of a country or community, and thus prevents an "outbreak." And in like manner he who would check the misery of physical destitution inquires how it arises, whence it comes, and though in cases of sudden general distress he may be free with his money to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, he is not content with this final application of charity. He asks how people come to suffer, how they come to be so susceptible, and chiefly tries to check the spring of improvidence. His keenest concern and most strenuous endeavours come into play before or after the crisis has passed. The captain of a ship has the pumps rigged and worked when the water rises in the hold, all which involves an excessive strain upon the resources of the crew, but he is not content with being thus able to reduce or keep down the mischief of the leak. At the first opportunity he has his vessel overhauled to discover where it is, and on the next voyage he is especially careful to see that his craft is sound. Now a great deal of charitable procedure is little better than pumping against social leaks. It is well for the ship to have pumps, but the less they are needed the better. A strong hull is best; the most effective work of the man who has the welfare of his fellows at heart, and wishes to spare himself neither pains nor money in bettering their condition, is seen in the care which he bestows in searching for and stopping these social leaks. He will not get so much thanks for his trouble as if he waited till the evil betrayed itself and then opened his purse. He will very likely be considered a troublesome fellow, but among his other sacrifices he must be content to include the sacrifice of praise. If he gads about with half-crowns and tickets in an improvident community, he will be called a really kind gentleman, whereas if he is incessantly urging the artisan or labourer to belong to a sick club, or have his water-butt cleaned, he is looked on as one too fond of meddling with poor

people's concerns. They know he has money; why not let them be till they are plainly in need, and then help them like a Christian, instead of interfering with their poor earnings and drains when they do not ask for his assistance? They do not want him to spend gold and trouble himself about such things. We may be sure that, though there is a science of charity, it brings those who use it no such immediate enjoyment in the shape of thanks as the most indiscriminate and mischievous almsgiving. It has its own special self-sacrifice, all the harder to make as it is generally unappreciated. It is much easier to buy servile blessings than to do solid good.

We must, however, recollect that although the charitably disposed man should make it a chief feature of his philanthropical efforts to encourage providence among the poor, there must needs be many whom he may well help directly out of his abundance without lowering their self-respect. Very much depends upon the way in which this is done. Almsgiving demands either an apologetic tenderness, or a hearty bluntness, in order that the gift may really bless him that takes. Again, any gift should be made as complete as possible. It is better to help a man thoroughly with both hands, than try to aid him with a little finger. It is better to set one sufferer fairly on his legs and enable him to make a fresh start for himself, than to divide your gift among three or four who still lie on the ground after what you have done for them. In this latter case you put them under an obligation, and yet leave them where they were. They are tempted to make up for the insufficiency of your aid by asking for help from others, and thus learning to beg. In the former case the transaction lies between two persons, the giver, and recipient who feels that he has met with a real friend, and not a mere distributor of doles. He regains fresh confidence in life, and hardly feels that he has sunk into the rank of "applicants for relief." There is a completeness and finality about the business which checks the mischievous rise of the sense of dependence. One form of satisfactory help is seen in the promise of an allowance during a period of distress, as well as in a single donation of money. When the bread-winner is ill, and the expenses of his humble household increase, just as his income is diminished, the provision of so much per week, especially if it be to meet some small allowance from a sick club, cheers the heart of the patient, besides providing him with more hopeful attention from a wife who is relieved from the dread of seeing the home "broken up," and the family slipping down into pauperism.

I am no believer in "tickets" as a safeguard against imposition. They suggest suspicion to the honest, and are easily negotiable by the dishonest. They seem to put the recipient into a class below that in which the ordinary conditions of exchange and currency are accepted. They carry an atmosphere of humiliation, however gratefully they may be received. In advocating the direct use of money given not in small uncertain doles, but in a single donation, or a fixed allowance for a certain time, I am thinking of solid support, and must not be supposed to lose sight of the fact that such occasional gifts, though they do not materially benefit the condition of the sufferer, may be made merely to bring bright spots into a dull life. There is much in this aspect of charity which the protesters against doles to the poor sometimes overlook. Its good, in a material sense, is soon gone, but a shilling helps the old widow to butter her bread

a little more liberally for a day, and gives an extra flavour to her cup of tea. These small gifts have a cheery and festive air about them rather than a severely economical one, and the man who applies his "charity" on the best scientific lines will not think himself precluded from the giving of these occasional touches to a dreary existence. They do not count in the income of the receiver, but are merely intended to procure for him or her some slight unexpected cheer. I need hardly say that a tip to a poor sot, which finds its way at once into the nearest public-house, is not the kind of small donation which I would recommend, however glad he or she may be to get it. But where the donor *knows* the sufferer well, and the case is one which cannot be materially relieved, the sufferer being, perhaps, "on the parish," these small occasional presents of his do much to brighten a sad lot. He does not save himself the pain of refusing aid to a string of beggars in his vestry or at his door by stopping the mouths of successive applicants with a small coin. These whine in his presence and growl behind his back. He rather confines his lesser gifts to his friends among the old and very poor, who do not ask for alms, and whose lowly condition is fixed. He knows that they only bring a smile which the most scientifically charitable man feels to involve no departure from the radical nature of his procedure. They count along with the unexpected nosegay or little basket of fruit to the bed-ridden and sick, and come within no rules of political economy.

PHILIP CUNLIFFE-OWEN, C.B.,

SECRETARY OF THE BRITISH COMMISSION AT THE
PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.

THE Paris Universal Exhibition, which now has come to a close, has proved an eminent success. It has attracted a greater number of visitors from all parts of the world than any previous one, and reflects the highest honours upon its promoters. In grandeur of design, and the carrying out of minute details, it stands unequalled, and it is a happy circumstance that nothing has occurred to mar the pleasure of visitors bent upon obtaining as much enjoyment as possible during their sojourn in Paris.

The largest foreign section was allotted to the United Kingdom, which, together with her giant colonies, is admirably represented. The grand secret of success in these expositions appears to consist in wise administration. England has been fortunate in this respect. To great knowledge and long experience in similar work, Mr. Cunliffe-Owen adds remarkable tact and geniality, with courtesy and politeness equal to that of any of his French fellow-officials. Next to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, he probably is the most popular Englishman in Paris, and perhaps more esteemed than any other foreigner. Mr. Cunliffe-Owen, however, has specially won the hearts of our countrymen who have had dealings with him, and exhibitors, employés, and visitors are unanimous in their commendation. He is a true friend of the British workman, and assiduously looks after his welfare, saving him from fleecing *restaurateurs*, affording him good food, intellectual and physical exercise, and every facility for acquiring information, whatever might be the parti-

ular branch of art, science, or manufacture in question. He has the credit of working harder than most business men, and probably the fact of his being a total abstainer may have much to do with it.

From the opening of the Exhibition to the time of our writing nearly 600 delegates from the principal manufacturing towns of Great Britain and Ireland have been lodged in a spacious house in its vicinity secured by Mr. Cunliffe-Owen at the commencement of the previous year, notwithstanding the doubts which were at that time entertained as to the Exhibition taking place. Thus, at a merely nominal sum,

the different sections. Nor has Mr. Cunliffe-Owen's interest in the welfare of the working men been confined to his exertions for them as regards the Exhibition, for as soon as a party of artisans arrives Mr. Owen receives them in the Prince of Wales's pavilion, and, after addressing a few words of advice as to the mode and manner they should adopt in the course of their visit, he has taken a note of the particular branch of trade that each man has been interested in, and immediately written and dispatched a number of letters to the principal manufacturers of Paris, craving for permission for the delegates to inspect



Philip Cunliffe Owen

a building was obtained which, with a few slight alterations, was made capable of seating 130 people at meals at once. The charge fixed per day for a good substantial English breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper is three francs, besides which the working visitors have the privilege of making use of a billiard-room, a reading-room, and a room in which they may read over the notes they have made during the day and write out their reports. Admission tickets to the Exhibition are provided for them, and assistants are always found to accompany the different parties, and show them the chief points of interest in the Exhibition, and translate for them any questions that they may wish to put to the people in charge of

their workshops, by which means the men are given an opportunity of watching their foreign competitors at work. There can be no doubt of the influence that these visits must have upon the working classes of our country—their ideas are enlarged, their minds materially improved; and they are led to see only too plainly that if England wishes to maintain the position she now undoubtedly has, as head of the manufacturing countries, she must not be idle, her watchword must be "Advance!"

Mr. Francis Philip Cunliffe-Owen, C.B., was born on the 8th of June, in the year 1828. He was the third son of Captain Charles Cunliffe-Owen, of the Royal Navy, who married in 1819 the daughter of

Sir Henry Blosset, late Chief Justice of Bengal. Mr. Cunliffe-Owen entered the Royal Navy at the age of twelve. He served in the Mediterranean and West Indies, but retired, after five years' service, on account of ill-health. In the year 1854 he married the daughter of the late Baron Fritz de Reitzenstein, commanding the Royal Prussian Horse Guards, by whom he has a numerous family. In the same year Mr. Cunliffe-Owen was appointed to the Science and Art Department at Marlborough House; and in 1855 was one of the superintendents of the Paris Exhibition that year.

In 1857 he was appointed Deputy General-Superintendent of the South Kensington Museum under the immediate order of Mr. (now Sir Henry) Cole, and in 1860 Assistant Director. During the Exhibition held in London in 1862, Mr. Cunliffe-Owen undertook the duties of Director of the Foreign Sections, a post which his knowledge of foreign languages rendered him especially suited for; and from that period he devoted himself to the many changes and alterations at South Kensington. At the Paris Exhibition of 1867, Mr. Cunliffe-Owen was nominated Assistant English Executive Commissioner. At the Vienna Exhibition in 1873 he was appointed Secretary of the Royal British Commission under the immediate command of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the President of the Commission; in consequence of services rendered at which he was created a Companion of the Bath. At the retirement of Sir Henry Cole, Mr. Cunliffe-Owen was appointed Director of the South Kensington and Bethnal Green Museums, which position he still retains. In 1875 he went to the United States as British Executive Commissioner

to the Centennial Exhibition, held at Philadelphia, and organised the British Section there, under the presidency of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, resigning the post before the close of the year. Mr. Cunliffe-Owen was awarded at the end of the Exhibition one of the four silver medals presented by the Centennial Commission, accompanied by the following resolution of the United States Centennial Commission and the Centennial Board of Finance:—"That our special thanks are hereby most respectfully and cordially tendered to Philip Cunliffe-Owen, C.B. (who in company with Colonel H. B. Sandford, R.A., was sent to Philadelphia in the earliest stages of the Exhibition), for his aid to those who were entrusted with its management in giving them the benefit of his extensive and varied knowledge and experience; for the encouragement derived by them from his intelligent appreciation of their purposes and capabilities in a work of such magnitude; for the kindly interest which he imparted to his fellow-countrymen on his return home, which induced so large and varied a representation here of the arts and industries of his native land; and for the interest aroused by his personal efforts in several of the leading capitals of Europe."

For various services Mr. Cunliffe-Owen has received numerous decorations and orders of merit and honours, which fairly indicate the great esteem in which Mr. Cunliffe-Owen is held in high quarters. We hope that rumour is right in expecting for him greater honours at the close of the Exposition of 1878. But perhaps the most valued tribute we can give is to say he retains the warmest regard of those who have worked with him or served under him.

RECENT CENTRAL AFRICAN EXPLORATIONS.

I.—THE VICTORIA NYANZA AND THE UPPER NILE.

THE explorations of the last twenty years have thrown a flood of light on the before unknown lake regions of Central Africa. Livingstone, Burton, Speke, Baker, Cameron, and Stanley are prominent names, among many others, that share the honour of partially uplifting the veil of mystery which had hitherto shrouded these unpenetrated territories. It is remarkable that the knowledge gleaned by the early Portuguese travellers from the testimony of the natives, as shown by old maps, imperfect though it was, has been in some respects strikingly confirmed by recent discoveries. Modern cartographers had, however, ignored it as unreliable, and delineated Central Africa as a great featureless blank. Dapper's map of 1676 represents both the Nile and the Zaire, or Congo, drawing their waters from two vast central lakes, and the whole region as abounding in mountains and rivers. Towards the close of last century, the Scottish traveller Bruce traced the Blue Nile to its source, but the White Nile, of larger volume, remained to the moderns as to the ancients, a river of mysterious origin, rising, as was vaguely surmised, among the far-distant and snow-clad mountains of the equator. An expedition was sent forth by Mehemet Ali Pasha, the celebrated Viceroy of Egypt, to explore the White Nile to its source, but it failed of its object, and returned in January, 1840. Messrs. Krapf, Rebmann, and Erhardt, missionaries located

at Mombasa, on the east coast, and who thirty years since discovered Mount Kenia and explored the country within a certain range of their station, were informed by Arab traders that there existed far inland a very large lake. This information is embodied in a sketch map by Rebmann and Erhardt, which was published in "The Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society" in 1856. In this sketch Ujiji is placed on the eastern side of a vast and curiously-shaped body of water, somewhat corresponding to its actual position on Lake Tanganyika. Stimulated to action by the accounts of the Mombasa missionaries, as well as by Livingstone's discovery of Lake Ngami and the Zambesi (the one in 1849 and the other in 1850), and above all by his great journey of four years' duration from Cape Town through hitherto untravelled lands to St. Paul de Loando, and thence across South Central Africa to Quillimane, the Royal Geographical Society undertook to promote the work of exploration in the still unknown equatorial region. The command of the Society's expedition was entrusted to Lieutenant Burton, and with him was associated Lieutenant Speke, two Indian officers not new to African travel. Having organised their force, these travellers left Zanzibar for the interior in December, 1856. Taking a route which has since been repeatedly traversed, they reached Ujiji, and in the discovery of Lake

Tanganyika confirmed the truth of the reports conveyed to the missionaries at Mombasa. This remarkable lake, since visited and explored by Livingstone, Cameron, and Stanley, will come under notice in our next paper.

When the Burton and Speke expedition, on the return journey, reached Unyanyembé, Burton employed himself in collecting information about the lake regions from the Arab traders and natives, while Speke, intent on fresh discovery, with a portion of the force struck northward, and on the 13th of July first caught sight of a great fresh-water lake. To this lake he gave the name of Victoria, in honour of Her Majesty the Queen. In this discovery Lieutenant Speke believed that he had also solved the problem of ages and found the source of the Nile. Gazing from an altitude on the inland sea before him, he says: "I no longer felt any doubt that the lake at my feet gave birth to that interesting river, the source of which has been the subject of so much speculation and the object of so many explorers." On Speke's return to England, in 1859, some geographers disputed the correctness of his surmise, and none more confidently than his comrade in travel, Lieutenant Burton.

To set at rest a question of so much interest as to whether the Victoria Nyanza was indeed the source of the White Nile, the Royal Geographical Society resolved to send Lieutenant (now Captain) Speke once again to Central Africa. The aid of the British Government was obtained, and as a volunteer Captain Speke was joined in the enterprise by Captain James Augustus Grant, a brother officer of the Indian army. The expedition of Speke and Grant proceeded from the east coast for Lake Victoria in September, 1860. It reached Unyanyembé in January, 1861. In May it left that place, and taking its course for the western side of the lake, it sighted its ample waters near Meruka, in January, 1862. Meruka Speke describes as a picture of quiescent beauty, with a boundless sea in the background. Pressing onward, the travellers reached Uganda, on the north-western shore, and duly arrived at the abode of King Mtesa. After a halt of about five months at Mtesa's, Speke again marched north-east, and struck the Nile at Urondogani. "Here at last," he says, "I stood on the brink of the Nile; most beautiful was the scene, nothing could surpass it! It was the very perfection of the kind of effect aimed at in a highly-kept park, with a magnificent stream from 600 to 700 yards wide, dotted with islets and rocks, flowing between fine, high, grassy banks, with rich trees and plantains in the background."

From this point he traced the Nile back to its exit from the Victoria Lake, reaching on the 28th July, 1862, the point of issue, the Ripon Falls—so named in honour of the Earl of Ripon, the President of the Royal Geographical Society when the explorer left England. In that proud moment of successful effort and confirmed prediction, he thus writes: "The expedition had now performed its functions; I saw that old Father Nile, without any doubt, rises in the Victoria Nyanza, and, as I had foretold, that lake is the great source of the holy river which cradled the first expounder of our religious belief."

While the expedition of Speke and Grant conclusively established the fact of the issue of the Nile from the Victoria Nyanza, it left unsettled the question of its ultimate sources, and to this point we shall hereafter advert in speaking of the chief affluents of this great equatorial lake.

Speke and Grant made their way northwards to Gondokoro, on their way to England, and here they encountered the expedition of Sir Samuel Baker, in search also of the source of the Nile. Speke had been told by the natives of a lake to the westward which received a great river, and, unable to penetrate thither, he urged upon Baker to complete the solution of the Nile problem. That traveller accordingly bent his steps in search of this western lake, which on the 14th of March, 1864, he happily discovered and named the Albert Nyanza. Baker explored a portion of its eastern coast-line, and verified also the entrance of a great river into its waters, but the actual identification of this river with the Victoria Nile was the result of much more recent exploration. The information furnished by Speke and Grant and by Sir Samuel Baker was the sum of our knowledge of the Victoria Nyanza, and of its great effluent the Victoria Nile, until the accounts reached England of the visit of Colonel Long, of the Egyptian military service, to these regions, and of the more recent explorations of Mr. Stanley.

In 1874 Colonel Long made a brief sojourn at the court of King Mtesa, and sailed also for a short distance on the northern end of the Victoria lake, but was unable to reach the eastern shore or to make any discoveries owing to ill-health and the want of boats. He was, however, the first white man who sailed down the Victoria, or Upper Nile, from Urondogani—the spot where Speke left it—as far as the Karuma Falls, and the first to prove that the river was navigable between these points to steamers of the greatest draught. In his course, Colonel Long discovered a large body of water through which the Nile flows, and which he named Lake Ibrahim. This lake he found to be characterised by an excessive growth of vegetation—so much so, indeed, as to discolour the before clear and transparent Nile waters, drawn from the Victoria Lake. This explorer's account of another Nile reservoir was made light of by some geographers in England, but the discovery has since been fully verified by the staff of Colonel Gordon. The basin of this lake is fifty miles in length, and it has besides the further interesting feature of a second outlet to the north in the direction of the Sobat river.

We return to the Victoria Nyanza, and to the great achievement of its circumnavigation by Mr. Stanley in 1875. This lake has an importance not merely in the eyes of geographers. To the merchant, the philanthropist, and the Christian missionary, and to all indeed concerned in the abolition of the hateful slave-trade, and in the opening up of Central Africa to commerce, civilisation, and Christianity, Lake Victoria, with its surrounding territories, chiefs, and tribes, possesses an especial interest. For the clearly defined knowledge we now possess of the extent, the altitude, the coast-line, islands and affluents of this Central African lake, we are mainly indebted to Mr. Stanley. This intrepid traveller first acquired fame by his journey to Ujiji, and discovery of Dr. Livingstone in November in 1871. When the news of Livingstone's death reached him he conceived the desire of completing his work. This desire he was enabled to carry into effect by the generous liberality of the proprietors of the "Daily Telegraph" and the "New York Herald." Under their auspices originated the famous Anglo-American expedition, organised by Mr. Stanley at Zanzibar towards the close of 1874. It consisted of the leader and three Englishmen, the

brothers Edward and Francis John Pocock, and Edward Barker, and about 350 black men, mostly Wangwana, that is, natives or freed slaves of Zanzibar. The *Lady Alice*—a barge forty feet in length, six feet in beam, and thirty inches deep, but so constructed in divisions as to be easily portable—was carried to the interior, a great achievement, and well rewarded all effort by the signal service it rendered in the work of exploration. Leaving the known tract before reaching Unyanyembé, Stanley held north-west over untravelled ground for the Victoria Nyanza, and arrived at Kagehyi, on its margin, on the 27th February, 1875. This first stage of the toilsome march was marked by the death of Edward Pocock. To the body of water lying between the southern shore of the lake and the island of Ukerewe, Mr. Stanley gave the name of Speke Gulf, in honour of the discoverer.

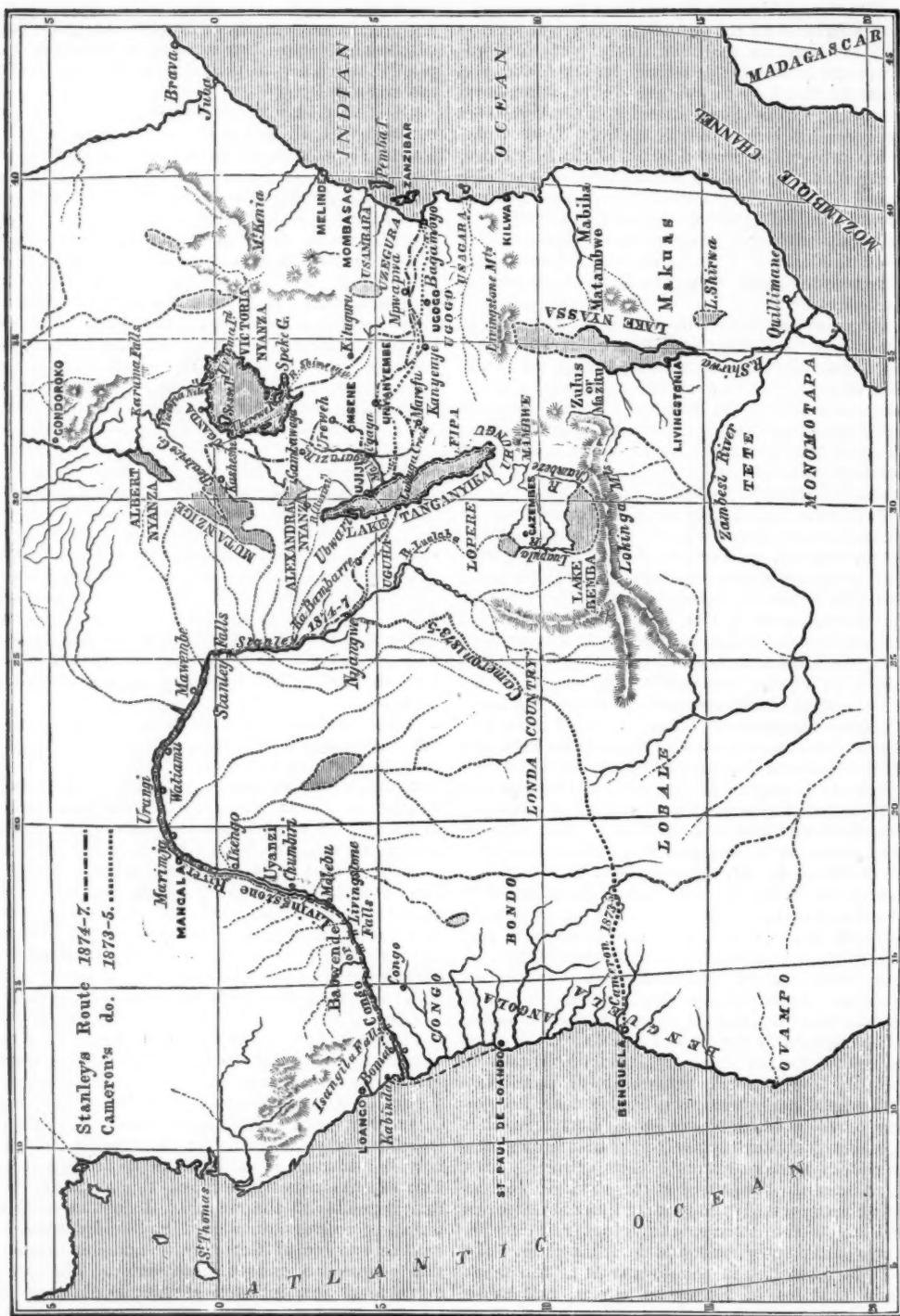
Leaving the expedition encamped at Kagehyi, in charge of the surviving Englishmen, Mr. Stanley, on board the *Lady Alice* and with a picked crew, was speedily engaged in the work of exploration. Along the eastern shore of the Victoria Nyanza the little craft gallantly made way—now under a frowning sky, now in contention with fierce waves, and again in placid waters. It was the first time that that panorama of strange scenes unrolled itself to the gaze of the white man. The haunts of crocodiles and hippopotami and the lands of hostile and savage tribes were passed, and Uvuma Island reached, with its bold, irregular shores and its steep grassy slopes, covered with herds of cattle and flocks of goats and sheep. Escaping from the Wavuma, or natives of Uvuma, violent and full of savage craft, the explorer entered the known waters of Napoleon Channel, so named by Speke, and encamped by the Ripon Falls. Coasting along the northern shore, the *Lady Alice* reaches the lands of Uganda. And from this point—notable contrast—the voyager is as safe and as free from care as though he were in the most civilised State in Europe. By the semi-civilised potentate Mtesa, of Uganda, Mr. Stanley was received with marked kindness and cordiality. The appearance and character of the great Emperor, or Kabaka, is thus described by Mr. Stanley:—"The Kabaka, a tall, clean-faced, large-eyed, nervous-looking, thin man, clad in a tarbush, black robe, with a white shirt belted with gold, shook my hands warmly and impressively, and, bowing not ungracefully, invited me to be seated on an iron stool. He has very intelligent and agreeable features, reminding me of some of the faces of the great stone images at Thebes, and of the statues of the Museum at Cairo. He has the same fullness of lips, but their grossness is relieved by the general expression of amiability blended with dignity that pervades his face, and by the large, lustrous, lambent eyes, that lend it a strange beauty and are typical of the race from which I believe him to have sprung. His colour is of a dark red brown. When not engaged in council he throws off unreservedly the bearing that characterises him when on the throne, and gives rein to his humour, indulging in hearty peals of laughter. He seems to be interested in the discussion of the manners and customs of European courts, and to be enamoured of hearing of the wonders of civilisation. He is ambitious to imitate as much as lies in his power the ways of the white man." The country of Uganda, which forms the northern boundary of the Victoria Nyanza, according to the same

authority, "abounds in beautiful landscapes of fine rolling land and placid lake, of gigantic tamarinds and gum-trees, of extensive banana groves and plantations of the *ficus*, from the bark of which the national dress is made. The peculiar dome-like huts of the natives are buried deep in dense bowers of plantains, which fill the air with the odour of their mellow rich fruit."

On this first visit to Mtesa's the account of the meeting with M. Linant de Bellefonds, of the Gordon Pasha Expedition, forms a pleasing episode in the stirring story of the circumnavigation of the lake. In his survey of the western shore, Stanley cruised along the low and wooded coast of Udda, past Sesse Island, where dwell the canoe-builders and many of the sailors of Mtesa. The interesting geographical feature of the western shore is the in-flow of the Kagera river, or Kitangule of Speke, and renamed by Stanley the Alexandra Nile, which discharges itself with a strong current and in one powerful deep stream. The dark iron colour of its waters may be traced in the lake for several miles. From the threatening attitude of the savage tribes of Makongo the uninhabited Musira Island, near to the shore, was a welcome refuge. Alone on the summit of this lake-girt isle, in full view alike of the glorious natural scenery and of the dark thin figures of the ferocious natives, and impressed by the contrast, the solitary white man thus gives vent to his blended feelings of admiration and humane desire: "What a land they possess! and what an inland sea! Oh, for the hour when a band of philanthropic capitalists shall vow to rescue these lands, and supply the means to enable the Gospel messenger to come and quench the murderous hate with which man beholds man in the beautiful regions around Lake Victoria!"

After his encounter with the natives of Bumbireh, which, on many grounds, is to be deplored, Mr. Stanley returned to his camp at Kagehyi to find that another of his comrades, Edward Barker, had succumbed to the climate. He had spent fifty-seven days in tracing the coast line of the lake. Its mean level above the sea has been fixed at 4,168 feet and its superficial area at 21,500 square miles. Mr. Stanley has disclosed the character of the various tribes and the resources of the productive lands on its shores; and he has for ever done away with the idea which appears to have been entertained by Livingstone and certain geographers, the testimony of Speke notwithstanding, that the Victoria Nyanza consisted of a number of shallow lakes or of a series of lagoons.

Determined, with the aid of the Emperor Mtesa, to explore also the Albert Lake, Mr. Stanley conveyed his entire expedition in boats from Kagehyi to Uganda. On his return thither Mtesa was engaged in a war with the fierce Wavuma. This necessitated a prolonged stay in Uganda, which the traveller turned to account in gathering information of the country, and of the customs, habits, and legends of the people. Into the deeply interesting conversations of Mr. Stanley with Mtesa on the subject of Christianity and his account of the people we cannot here enter. The practical outcome of this intercourse was the planting of the Church Mission at Uganda. Recent accounts state that the Rev. C. T. Wilson has a regular service in the palace of the king, and that Mtesa takes a deep interest in the teaching, and urges the Gospel himself. Mr. Wilson also speaks highly of the manufac-



RECENT EXPLORATIONS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

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turing skill of the Waganda. "In time, when improved mechanical appliances are introduced, their manufactures will," he says, "probably take a good place in the markets of the world."

Mr. Stanley's endeavour to explore the lake called by Mtesa the Muta Nzigé, but which he then believed to be the Albert Lake of Baker, was frustrated by the cowardice of his escort. He could do no more than gaze on the southern arm of this body of water, which he named Beatrice Gulf, and depart, shaping his course for the distant Tanganyika. On his way to the Tanganyika, Mr. Stanley spent a very pleasant month with Rumanika, the gentle pagan King of Karagiwé, whom the traveller, however, found it easier to make a geographer than a Christian.

The recent circumnavigation of the Albert Lake, made first by M. Gessi and afterwards by Colonel Mason, officers in the Egyptian service, and the observations taken by them, have proved it to be of much smaller extent than Sir Samuel Baker imagined, and to form rather a mere backwater of the Nile than an independent source or reservoir fed by large rivers. The same evidence goes to show that the Albert Lake and the Muta Nzigé are unconnected bodies of water.

Colonel Gordon and the officers of the Khedive's service under his command, have recently completed the survey of the entire Upper Nile, from Khartum to a point near to the Ripon Falls. The direct connection of the Nile with the Victoria and Albert Lakes has been established by these praiseworthy efforts, and Dr. Schweinfurth's doubts on this point completely set aside. Military stations have also been established along the entire course of the river, the slave trade has been put down, and now the entire journey from Egypt to the Victoria Lake may be made without obstruction from native hostility. It was by this route that the missionaries last sent from England travelled to King Mtesa's.

The two great affluents of the Victoria Nyanza are the Shimeeyu and the Kagera river, or Alexandra Nile. Mr. Stanley, on his march to the lake by a new route north of Unyanyembé, and when in the country of Urimi, discovered a small rill flowing north-easterly, which, joined by others, gathers volume, and swerves north, then north-west. "These are," he says, "the farthest springs and headwaters of a river that will presently become known as the Leewumbu, then as the Monangah, and, lastly, as the Shimeeyu, under which name it enters Lake Victoria on the south-east coast of Speke Gulf." "The Shimeeyu," says Sir Henry Rawlinson, in his address to the Royal Geographical Society in November, 1875, "which rises some 300 miles beyond the Victoria Nyanza, is thus, as far as our present information extends, the true southern source of the White Nile." We have referred to Mr. Stanley's account of the volume of the Alexandra Nile at its entrance to the Victoria Lake. In coming south from Muta Nzigé, he crossed it at the Arab station of Kitangule, where he found it to be "a powerful and deep body of water." It was crossed by Speke and Grant in 1862, and is described by them "as a majestic navigable river." Mr. Stanley's interest was keenly aroused in the noble river; for after examining the streams which fall into Lake Victoria, he judged it to exceed the Shimeeyu in volume, and, indeed, to be the principal affluent and feeder of the lake, drawing, as it does, nearly all the waters of the west and south-west. Mr. Stanley's inability farther to explore this interesting river is

conveyed in the following words: "We had made a patient survey of one-half of its course; and then, owing to want of the means to feed the rapacity of the churlish tribes which dwell in the vicinity of the Alexandra Nyanza (Lake Akanyaru), and to our reluctance to force our way against the will of the natives, opposing unnecessarily our rifles to their spears and arrows, we had been compelled, on the 7th April, 1876, to bid adieu to the lands which supply the Nile, and to turn our faces towards the Tanganyika." Thus was the explorer forced to forego tracing the western sources of the Nile, as, in the course of the Shimeeyu, he had traced its southern sources.

Whether the Nile can be allowed to have any source other than Lake Victoria is a question for geographers to determine. If the true Nile is to be held as beginning only where it issues from the Victoria Lake, Speke is the undoubted discoverer of its source; if, on the other hand, we are to seek for its source in that of the largest affluent of the Victoria Lake, namely, the Alexandra Nile, the source of the Great White Nile is yet undiscovered.

Questions of mere geographical import have their interest and value; yet the labours of exploration find their highest aim in bringing the blessings of civilisation and Christianity to regions where dwell darkness and cruelty. "If my discoveries," writes Livingstone, "should lead to the suppression of the slave trade, I shall regard that as a greater matter by far than the discovery of all the Nile sources together." The efforts of exploration in the regions of Lake Victoria and the Upper Nile are tending rapidly to bring about the great results of the suppression of the slave trade, and the introduction of commerce and the Gospel. Access to the Victoria Nyanza will soon be had by a direct road from the eastern coast, as there is now a comparatively safe route by the Upper Nile. The immediate wants of Central Africa are roads, and especially stations, to serve as bases of further operations, alike for the explorer and the missionary, and, at the same time, to form points of refuge for the weak and centres of commerce and civilisation.

J. H.

A BOY'S DAY SIXTY YEARS AGO.

IT is the middle of February in the year 1818, and it is a little after six in the morning. I am fourteen years old, and am apprenticed to a printer and bookbinder in a midland town well known by description to the readers of the story of "John Halifax, Gentleman." As the youngest apprentice it is my business to rise early enough to get the fire lighted in the office, the composing and binding-rooms swept, and other things in readiness for the arrival of the three journeymen and the outdoor apprentice who will make their appearance pretty punctually at seven. For the last half-hour or more I have been lying in a sort of dream—a dream of oxen—and am waked up by the lowing of the beasts and the thumping and clatter of their hoofs as they are being driven by barking dogs and bawling men into the places they will occupy during the best part of the cattle-fair day which is about to dawn. As soon as fairly awake I tumble out of bed, and, first huddling on a part of my clothing, grope about for the tinder-box, and, having found it, begin striking

a light. The task this morning is not very easy, for the tinder is all but burnt out, and no sooner does a spark from the flint catch one of the remaining fragments than it expires before there is time to touch it with the point of the brimstone match. In the hurry and the darkness I knock the skin off the fingers of my left hand, and I feel the warm blood trickling down to their tips. At length, by dint of hammering at the steel while blowing gently at the sparks, I succeed in kindling a match and lighting my candle. I have hardly done so when there comes a ring—a very gentle one—at the street-door bell. As soon as I have done dressing I run down, and, first lighting the horn lantern which hangs in the hall—for I don't want the bother of striking a light again should the wind blow out my candle—I open the door. It is the servant-girl from the next house, who begs me to give her a light as she has been trying in vain for the last quarter of an hour to coax one from her own tinder-box, and, seeing that I had had better luck, had made bold to ring the bell.

By the time the fire is fairly kindled in the office the day is beginning to show a wan face. The dusting and sweeping does not take long, but a much longer job follows—the preparation, to wit, of a pelt, or raw sheep's-skin, which has been soaking in pickle all night, and has to be trodden by my slippered feet into a condition of adhesiveness before it can be made up into a ball fit for applying the ink to the face of the printing-types. I am busy at this unsavoury task when the journeymen and the outdoor apprentice arrive, and I leave it, to be resumed to-morrow morning, and go and take down the shop shutters and sweep out and dust the shop. This done, I take up a position behind the counter, in wait for customers, employing myself the while in pulling half-a-dozen old volumes to pieces, which volumes have come in to be bound. Now and then a customer comes in for a Moore's Almanack, which I sell for twentypence, tenpence of which is for the Government stamp in red letters on the title-page. Then I sell for tenpence a copy of yesterday's "Times"—a sheet of four pages about as large as the halfpenny "Echo" of to-day, and which we only got possession of late last night. Then a poor woman buys a penny sheet of writing paper and a penny pen, and another buys a quire of whitey-brown. This brisk trade is due to the cattle-fair, otherwise we should have no such early callers.

At eight, or a quarter past, my master opens the parlour-door and calls me in to breakfast, during which very brief repast I receive directions touching what is to be done during the day. The first thing I do is to take the old volumes I have been pulling to pieces downstairs to the beating-stone, where, with a fourteen-pound hammer, I bang away at them for a full hour, and then, putting them between boards into the upright press, and screwing them down with a ponderous iron bar, leave them until they shall be wanted for the next process. Then I betake myself to the composing-room and peg away at the pages of an edition of Stillingfleet's Sermons, which my master has got to print for a London publisher, and which, being in no hurry for completion, forms our stock job.

Here I have the town boy for my companion, who chatters away while we work, and tells me all the news. Among other things I learn that there is a splendid herd of black cattle from the Highlands—

some thousand of them, he says—which will cross the river at the Lower Lode between one and two o'clock—and "won't you be there to see?" "Yes, I will," I reply, and make up my mind to go. So when the dinner-hour comes, instead of going in to dinner, I beg a hunch of bread-and-cheese of the servant-girl, and set off with Bob Tarring to the river to see. We had to traverse the Ham, a broad alluvial meadow, where was fought the decisive battle which finally extinguished the fortunes of the Red Rose faction. Here it was, according to the dictum of a local poetess,—

"That the White Rose triumphant reared its head,
And the sweet blossom of the Red one bled."

But roses, red or white, were nothing to us compared with the bellowing multitude of black long-horns then being roused from their lairs and urged towards the river's brink. The river, as it always is at that season of the year, was high; there was a high wind blowing, streaking the dun water with white foamy ridges, and breaking in spray on the banks. These herds had come all the way from the Highlands, and that by a rather devious route, through old Roman roads, over wastes of heath, down, and barren commons, and sinuous cattle-tracks, where that prohibitive inscription, "Ox, ass, or mule, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d," was nowhere to be seen. They must have crossed many streams in that long route, but somehow they seem one and all quite determined against crossing the Severn here at its junction with the Avon. Driving, bawling, swearing, and yelling would not induce them to brave the flood, and for a time it seemed a hopeless case. But creatures who will not be driven will often consent to be led, and so it proved now. On a sudden Dame Somebody's brindled cow and calf appeared in a cart making towards the bank. Then the calf was lifted from the cart, put into a boat, and ferried over. When the boat was half-way across, the poor cow was released, and immediately plunged into the flood to rejoin her bereaved suckling. This was all that was wanted. The cow's example was quickly followed by the black cattle, and in a few minutes the surface of the stream was bristling with their horns and studded with their dark noses, the whole of their bodies being entirely submerged. The sight was a strange one, most curiously striking and picturesque—not likely to be witnessed again in these days of railway cattle-trains, and one which few who ever did witness it would be likely to forget.

When I get back to the shop I am half an hour late, and am reminded by my master that he will debit me with the lost time, and expect me to make it up to him when he shall see fit to demand it. I now take my place behind the counter and effect a considerable number of sales of trifling matters, such as account-books, memorandum-books at a penny or twopence, low-priced Bibles and Prayer-books, stationery, ink, black and red. I am obliged also, whether I will or no, to make one purchase, for old Brimstone—we know him by no other name—stumps on his wooden leg into the shop, and, laying down some straddling faggots of matches, demands a penny for them. It is of no use to tell him they are not wanted; he knows better, for he knows the consumption of the house, and knows when he brought the last supply. So he gets his penny, being paid for them at about six times the rate of the modern patent safeties.

Meanwhile the business of the cattle fair has been getting done, and about three o'clock, when the buyers and sellers are busy wetting their bargains at the various public-houses—a ceremony never, on any account, omitted, as a bargain would hardly be considered a bargain if it were not wetted—there is a rush from the opposite public-house of clodpoles and drivers and farmers' men. They bawl, and clamour, and shout, fifty throats together, and the sound of blows mingles with the storm of angry words. We know well enough by experience what all that means, and the master, running upstairs into the shop, orders me to put up the shutters, which I do at once as quickly as possible, to prevent the windows from being burst in by the mob. For a fight is about to take place, and it does take place with all the regular formality of the prize-ring, no one thinking of preventing it or daring to interfere. It is true there are a couple of constables in the town, but neither of them would venture to show his face; and if you were to call at the house of one and demand his services in keeping the peace, you would probably find him not at home, the worthy having made himself scarce to avoid your appeal. The ring being formed, the neighbouring shops all shut up, and the combatants stripped to the waist, they proceed to exhibit their prowess, pummelling one another as hard as they can for a full hour, to the immense satisfaction of the uproarious mob. The mob, however, are not the sole approvers of the *mêlée*. The shopkeepers themselves appear at their upper windows, and not a few of them show plainly enough that they heartily enjoy the spectacle—in which enjoyment they considerably allow their subordinates to participate. The combat ceases as suddenly as it commenced—as soon as the “best man” has fairly vindicated his claim to the appellation. Then the antagonists shake hands, and go back to the tap-room to wet their reconciliation, on the same principle, perhaps, as the dealers had wetted their bargains. Then I am directed to take down the shutters, and, as it is growing dark, to light the shop dips, and place one in a flat tin candlestick in each of the two windows. As the twilight wanes, the farmers and dealers—some of them not at all too sober—leave their potations, and mounting their nags or wheeled traps, drive or trot off to their several homes, bawling and hiccoughing farewell to their cronies ere they start. The cattle and sheep have all been driven away hours ago.

About five o'clock I am called in to tea, which occupies me scarcely a quarter of an hour, and as the mistress will take charge of the shop during the evening hours, I am dispatched to the press-room, where there are yet three tokens of that sheet of Stillingfleet to be worked off before supper. The press is an old two-puller, and one has to perspire a good deal to pull off a token an hour. But hard as the work is, we enliven it with laughter and song—my partner, the town lad, having a capital voice and a favourite collection of Scotch airs, with which, to say the truth, he is rather too liberal at times. It is eight o'clock before we get done, and Bob has a right to leave at eight if he chooses, but he is too good a fellow to leave me at it single-handed, and generously pegs away with the balls till the task is finished. After he is gone I wash the forme in the sink-room, and lay it up ready for distribution in the morning.

By this time it is near nine, and the maid-servant

is calling me to put up the shop shutters, and then go in to supper. The shutters are in a sort of watch or sentry box in the back yard; there are ten of them, and I have to carry them one at a time through the long passage, and then fix them in their grooves, fastening them outside with iron bars, and strengthening the bars with screw-bolts within, and the whole business takes nearly a quarter of an hour. Then I sit down to a supper of bread-and-cheese, occasionally, it is true, varied with a fragment of cold meat. During supper my master reminds me that before I go to bed there is the paper to wet down for the next sheet of Stillingfleet, which must go to press some time to-morrow, the second proof of which he has been reading carefully for the last two or three hours. This is a hint to me not to be long over my supper, and I make dispatch with it accordingly. Then I lug down the heavy bundles of demy into the wetting-room, which is a sort of scullery next the kitchen, where the wetting-trough keeps company with the beating-stone. I find the trough half-full of rather dirty water, and occupied by a fleet of boats of all sizes, the property of Master Tom, who has carved them out of pine-wood blocks, and rigged them with cotton threads and paper sails, and who makes the trough the arena of his experiments in navigation. I have a good hour's work in refilling the trough and wetting down the paper, every quire of which takes a four-fold plunge in the water, and has to be deliberately unfolded on the wetting-board. My fingers are numbed to the bone before the heap is finished, when the covering-board is laid on, and upon the top of that I heap a pile of heavy stones, which, in times long past, did duty in paving the street. This slopping business has made me dripping wet, and I hurry to the kitchen fire to dry myself and free my sodden feet from confinement.

My day's work is done now, and I can walk off to bed if I choose; but Alice, the servant-maid, would be much disappointed if I do. Alice can neither read nor write, but she maintains a regular correspondence, for all that, with a young man who is under-gardener, and several other things besides, to old Mr. Winterbotham, at the Limes, on the Cheltenham Road. She intends to be married to her horticultural swain “come Martinmas,” as she terms it. She made his acquaintance last Martinmas, when she met him at the “mop,” and he has walked over to see her, a distance of full five miles, whenever he could get leave to absent himself. When he could not keep an appointment he has sent a note by the carrier, who is a relative of Alice's, and takes special care to deliver it—always with a deal of ceremony and a species of jocular sententiousness. All Richard's notes I have had to read over to Alice until she has got them by heart, and then to reply to them, writing from her dictation. She has not an atom of bashfulness or reserve on the subject, either towards Richard her *fiancé* or towards me, and the result is that I know the feelings of both parties as well as it is possible for a boy to know them. Though Alice has been dead these thirty years, and her husband has also been long dead, I am not going to treat the reader with one of her love-letters. I shall only remark that she preferred her own style to mine—would never consent to have her spontaneous utterances subjected to rules of grammar, and would have thought a letter too cold and stupid in which “dear Richard” did not occur at least half-a-dozen times.

By the time the letter is finished, folded, sealed, first with a wafer and then with a piece of red wax, bearing the impress of Alice's thimble, it is on the stroke of eleven, and I am too glad to walk off to bed. As I am mounting the stairs I hear the town watchman clattering about the street, and thrusting at the closed doors with his long staff. Anon he lifts up his voice, crying, "Past eleven, and a frosty night! Put out your lights, and see the fire is safe, and say your prayers, good people all." He will repeat this cry a dozen or more times within the next quarter of an hour. I have somehow tumbled into bed and put out my candle before it is fairly out of hearing, and I ought to be asleep, but just as I am dozing off I am startled with the strong smell of fire, and am on the point of alarming the house, when I recognise the familiar odour of the burning substance, and know well enough that it is only Alice (who is keeping the promise she had made me in the morning) burning some old linen rags to make tinder, which is destined to replenish my tinder-box. That penetrating odour fills the whole house, and it is the last appeal to my senses of which I am conscious as I sail off in the arms of slumber to the land of dreams.

Varieties.

CYPRUS PRICES.—The morning after the signature of the private Anglo-Turkish treaty for the cession of Cyprus to England, that is to say, the 4th June, Mr. Zarify, the well-known banker of Constantinople, dispatched to Larnaca by the Austrian Lloyd's packet one of his employés with sealed instructions, which he was not to open until he arrived in Cyprus. The instructions proved to be an unlimited credit, and authority to purchase everywhere all the agent could get hold of, whether houses, lands, or cattle, without loss of time. The agent, with assistants, succeeded in buying property to the extent of £40,000, consisting of houses, shops, lands in town and country, cultivated fields, cattle, etc., etc., all of which were obtained at very low rates, owing to the prevailing misery throughout the country. To-day this property is worth more than £300,000. I had this information from the agent himself, with whom I travelled in company from Episcopi to Papho.—*A. Rostovitz, Special Commissioner for Mr. Cook.*

CYPRUS EDUCATION AND RELIGION.—Public instruction is practically *nil*. I do not speak of the Turks, but of the Greeks. Except the school at Levkosia, under the patronage of the Archbishop of Cyprus, and one at Limasol, and a very unimportant one at Larnaca, there is none in any other part of the island, unless we reckon a very small one at the village of Bella Paese. Here and there, at the priests' houses, a few children are taught to read and write, principally for the service of the Church. The boys' school at Levkosia is divided into two sections and six classes, and has 650 students and seven professors. Here are taught ancient and modern Greek, history, mathematics, geography, theology, and a slight knowledge of physics. The girls' school has 180 pupils and three teachers. The Archbishop interests himself much in education, but I regret to say the other prelates of the island take no interest at all. The Turks send their children to the mosques, where they are taught to read and write, and nothing else. The Archbishop of Cyprus is independent of the Patriarch of Constantinople, and enjoys several privileges. He has under his authority the Bishoprics of Papho, Kyrinia, and Kitium. There are several convents, but in a very bad state; ruined by the neglect of the bishops, to whom they belong, except the convent of Kiko, situated on a mountain near Olympus, 1,165 metres above the level of the sea. This convent dates from the tenth century, is very well situated, has a fine church, dedicated to the Virgin, and claims to possess one of three paintings executed by the evangelist St. Luke, but nothing can be distinguished of the painting except the hand, which is covered with silver. There are two large bells, sent eight years ago from Russia; one is hung, the other is not.

The monks are hospitable, and the convent is very rich, and independent of the bishop, enjoying privileges dating from the time of the Byzantine emperors. The superior of the convent is of equal rank with a bishop.—*A. Rostovitz.*

ENTAILED ESTATES.—In the debate last Session on Registration of land, the Lord Chancellor said, "It was a popular fallacy to suppose because land was entailed that, therefore, it could not be sold, because in nineteen-twentieths of the settlements power was vested in the trustees to sell the estate in case of necessity. Every estate should be vested in some person who had power to give a good title to it; and that right of sale, and nothing else, should be registered."

WATERCRESSES.—At a meeting last winter of the Royal Horticultural Society, Mr. Shirley Hibberd, of Stoke Newington, presented a dozen pans of watercresses, grown in the manner he has practised for some years past. One of the advantages of this system is, that the plants are under complete control to be placed in the sun or the shade, or during winter in heated plant-houses, and can at all times be supplied with pure water, and thus be preserved from contamination by the pollutions common to rivers, and even to watercress-beds. The pans in which they are grown measure from fifteen inches to twenty inches across, and from six inches to nine inches deep. They are filled with rich loamy soil, intermixed with lumps of chalk or old mortar, and then very small cuttings are inserted. These soon become strong plants, and in from fifteen to twenty days may be gathered from, the cresses being tender and delicate in flavour, and of the most beautiful appearance. The twelve plants shown have been regularly cut for the table for a period of six weeks, and their fresh and robust appearance indicated that gatherings might be had from them for another six weeks. The sorts shown were the Erfurt sweet green cress, the Springhead brown cress, and the Stoke Newington purple cress.

GOVERNESSES.—So much is heard about the hardships and wrongs of governesses, that it is refreshing to meet with good testimony of another tune. The "Times," having had some letters on the "Employments for Women," a governess writes:—"I have been engaged for many years past in the duties of education, to which I was impelled, not by necessity or misfortune, but by a natural love of teaching. I have always considered that the education of the young is a most honourable calling—at least as honourable as nursing and as 'ladylike'—and I have preferred to follow this profession rather than endure the hum-drum existence of a country town. My experiences have been uniformly of a pleasant nature. I have filled six situations as a governess. I have been always treated as a lady, and that by people to whom I was an utter stranger. On leaving I have always retained the goodwill and friendship of my employers. I have never had the least difficulty in finding work, and in fifteen years have earned £1,200, of which I have invested nearly half. It must be borne in mind that I have to the best of my abilities endeavoured to fit myself for my profession, and my experience shows me that my fitness, such as it may be, has been appreciated by my pupils and their parents. I have never encountered those slights which the governess of the novelist is depicted as enduring, and my belief is that it is as much the 'special privilege' of woman as of man to earn if she be capable of doing so. As for 'starvation,' I believe that to be the 'special privilege' of the incompetent, the idle, and the intemperate."

PENNY.—A teacher asked to know how penny is spelled by the University of Oxford, as the Oxford Bibles spell it with double "n," and the Oxford Prayer-books with one "n," as in the old Anglo-Saxon "penig." If Master Hodge at the National School gets a bad mark for using the latter spelling, he might say "he seed it in the Gospel o' Sunday, spelled a penny." In the New Testament Revision Committee it was proposed to get rid of the word, as giving a wrong idea of the Roman denarius, and to read, "He gave every man a denary." But to this a witty dean objected that there might be confusion with a deanery, which poor and unlearned persons must not suppose can be got so easily. The learned labours of the revisers are occasionally relieved by gentle jokes, it seems. Thus it was also proposed to alter to tax-collector the word publican, who is defined by Dr. Johnson, "a man that keeps a house of general entertainment. *In low language.*" But respectable collectors of rates and taxes might also object to be always connected with sinners in the popular mind, and against them there is already sufficient prejudice.

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